Friendſhip out of Faſhion.

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THE world, my dear Mira, is full of deceit,
And friendſhip's a jewel we ſeldom can meet,
How ſtrange does it ſeem, when ſearching around,
The ſource of contentment is not to be found.

How much to be priz'd and eſteem'd is a friend,
On whom we may always with ſafety depend,
Our joys when extended will always increaſe,
And grief when divided is huſh'd into peace.

O friendſhip! thou balm and ſweetner of life,
Kind parent of eaſe, and compoſer of ſtrife,
Without thee, alas! what are riches and power,
But empty deluſions; the joy of an hour.

When ſummer is ſmiling, what crouds do appear,
Their kindneſs to offer and friendſhip ſincere,
Then change but the proſpect, and point to diſtreſs,
No longer to court you they'll eagerly preſs.